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THE BEST FOR MAN OR BEAST.



and in chronic constitution and other ob-silicate discusses. Hosteter's Stomach Bit-ters is beyond all comparison the best remedy that can be takeu. As a means of restoring the strength and vital energy of persons who are sinking under the debili-tating effects of painful disorders, this standard vegetable invigorant is confess edly unequaled. by unequaled.

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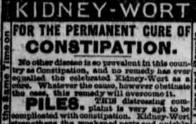
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BRECKENRIDGE

VOL. VIII.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKÝ, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1883.

BUY YOUR SHIRTS

J. D. BABBAGE.

The Binebirds.

MAURICE THOMPSON. When ice is thawed and snow is gone, When ice is shawed and show is gone,
And rosy sweetness floods the trees—
When snow-birds from the hedge have flown
And on the hive-perch swarm the bees—
Drifting down the first warm wind
That thrills the earliest days of Spring,

The bluebird seeks our maple groves And charms them into tasseling. He sits among the delicate sprays
With mists of splender round him drawn,
And through the spring's prophetic veil
Sees Summer's rich fulfillment dawn;
He sings, and he is Nature's voice—
A gush of melody sincere
From that great fount of hermony
Which thaws and runs when Spring is here.

A LITTLE PILGRIM

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

I. IN THE UNSEEN .- Continued.

Then there came into the Pilgrim's heart what to say, and she took the woman's hand again and held it between her own. "That is the change," she said, "that comes when we come here. We are not afraid any more of our Father. We are not all happy. Perhaps you will not be happy at first. But if he says to you, 'Gol' -even to that place you speak of-you will know that it is well, and you will not be afraid. You are not afraid now, -oh, I can see it in your eyes. You are not happy, but you are not afraid You know it is the Father. Do not say God,-that is far off-Father!" said the little Pilgrim, holding up the woman's hand clasped in her own. And there came into her soul an ecstasy, and tears that were tears of blessedness fell from her eyes, and all about her there seemed to shine a light. When she came to herself, the woman who was her charge had come quite close to her, and had added her other hand to that the Pilgrim held, and was weeping and saying "I am not afraid," with now and then a gasp and sob, like a child who after a passion of tears has been consoled, yet goes on sobbing and can not quite forget, and is afraid to own that all is well again. Then the Pilgrim kissed her, and bade her rest a little; for even she herself felt shaken, and longed for a little quiet, and to feel the true sense of the peace that was in her heart. She sat down beside her upon the ground, and made her less her head against ber shoulder, and thus they remained very still for a little time, saying no more. It seemed to the little Pilgrim that her comparion had fallen asleep, and perhaps it was so, after so much agitation. All this time there had been people passing, entering by the many doors. And most of them paused a little to see where they were, and looked round them, then went on, and it seemed to the little Pilgrim that according to the doors by which they entered each took a different way. same door as that at which the woman who was in her charge had come in. And he too stumbled and looked about him with an air of great wonder and doubt.

scared, and said, drawing his breath quick: "I ought to know where I am, but I have lost my head, I think. Will you tell me which is-the way?" "What way?" cried the little Pilgrim; for her strength was gone from her, and she had no word to say to him. He looked at her with that bewilderment on his face, and said: "I find myself strange, strange.

came up to her hesitating, as one in a

strange place who does not want to betray

that he is bewildered and has lost his way.

He came with a little pretence of smiling.

though his countenance was pale and

I ought to know where I am; but it is scarcely daylight yet. It is perhaps foolish to come out so early in the morning." This he said in his confusion, not knowing where he was, nor what he said. "I think all the ways lead to our Father,"

said the little Pilgrim (though she had not known this till now). "And the dear Lord walks about them all. Here you never go

Upon this the stranger looked at her, and asked in a faltering voice, "Are you an angel?' still not knowing what he said. "Oh, no, no; I am only a Pilgrim," she

"May I sit by you a little?" said the man. He sat down, drawing long breaths, as though he had gone through great fatigue; and looked about with wondering "You will wonder, but I do not know where I am," he said. "I feel as I must be dreaming. This is not where I expected to come. I looked for something very different; do you think there can have been any-mistake?"

"Oh, never that," she said; "there are no mistakes here."

Then he looked at her again, and said "I perceive that you belong to this country, though you say you are a pilgrim. 1 abould be grateful if you would tell me. Does one live-here? And is this all? Is there no-no-but I don't know what word to use. All is so strange, different from what I expected."

"Do you know that you have died?" "Yes-yes, I am quite acquainted with that," he said, hurriedly, as if it had been an idea he disliked to dwell upon. "But then I expected-Is there no one to tell you where to go, or what you are to be? or

to take any notice of you?" The little Pilgrim was startled by this tone. She did not understand its meaning, and she had not any word to say to him. She looked at him with as much bewilderment as he had shown when he approached her, and replied, fultering

"There are a great many people here; but I have never heard if there is any one

"What does it matter how many people there are if you know none of them?" he

"We all know each other," she answer. ed him; but then paused and heeltated a little, because this was what had been said deal with this stranger, to whom she had Pilgrim's home was. not any commission. It seemed that he had no one to care for him, and the little one who was not content here.

"Ah, but there should be some one to point out the way, and tell us which is our circle, and where we ought to go," be said. And then he too was silent for a while, looking about him as all were fain to do on their first arrival, finding everything so strange. There were people coming in at every moment, and some were met at the very threshold, and some went away alone with peaceful faces, and there were many groups about talking together in soft voices: but no one interrupted the other, and though so many where there, each voice was as clear as if it had spoken alone and there was no tumult of sound as when many people assemble together in the lower world.

The little Pilgrim wondered to find her self with the woman resting upon her on one side, and the man seated silent on the guide but only herself who knew so little. How was she to lead them in the paths hausted by the agitation of her struggle with the woman whom she felt to be her had time to remember the face of the Lord when he gave her this commission, and her heart was strengthened. The man all this time sat and watched, looking eagerly all about him, examining the faces of those who went and came; and sometimes he made a little start as if to go and speak to some one he knew; but always drew back again and looked at the little Pilgrim, as if he had said; "This is the one who will serve me best." He spoke to her again after a while and said, "I suppose you are one of the guides that show the way."

"No," said the little Pilgrim, anxiously. "I know so little! It is not long since I came here. I came in the early morning

"Why, it is morning now, You could not come earlier than it is now. You mean vesterday.

"I think," said the Pilgrim, "that yes terday is the other side; there is no yesterday here."

He looked at her with the keen look he had, to understand her the better; and then he said:

"No division of time! I think that must be monotonous. It will be strange to have no night; but I suppose one gets used to everything. I hope, though, there is somebusy lite: Perhaps this is just a little use before we go, to be, to have, to get our, appointed place."

He had an uneasy look as he said this and looked at her with an anxious curiosity, which the little Pilgrim did not under-When he saw her seated on the ground he

"I do not know," she said softly, shaking her head. "I have so little experience. I have not been told of any appointed place.

The man looked at her very strangely. "I did not think," he said, "that I should have tound such ignorance here. Is it not well known that we must all appear before the judgment seat of God?"

These words seemed to cause a trembling on the still air, and the woman on the other side raised herself suddenly up, clasping her hands, and some of those who had just entered heard the words, and came and crowded about the little Pilgrim, some standing, some falling down upon their knees, all with their faces turned towards her. She who had always been so simple and small, so little used to teach; she was frightened with the eight of all these strangers crowding, hanging upon her lips, looking to her for knowledge. She knew not what to do or say. The tears came

"Oh," she said, "I do not know any thing about a judgment-seat. I know that our Father is here, and that when we are in trouble we are taken to him to be comforted, and that our dear Lord our Brother is among us every day, and every one may see him. Listen," she said, standing up suddenly among them, feeling strong as an angel. "I have seen him! though I am nothing, se little as you see, and often silly, never clever as some of you are, I have seen him! and so will all of you. There is no more that I know of," she said softly, clasping her hands. "When you see him it comes into your heart what you must

And then there was a murmur of voices about her, some saying that was best, and some wondering if that were all, and some crying if he would but come now-while the little Pilgrim stood among them with her face shining, and they all looked at her, asked her to tell them more, to show them how to find him. But this was far above what she could do, for she too was not much more than a stranger, and had little strength. She would not go back a step, nor desert those who were so anxious to know, though her heart fluttered almost as it had used to do before she died, what with her longing to tell them, and knowing

that she had no more to say. But in that land it is never permitted that one who stands bravely and fails not shall be left without succor; for it is no ouger needful there to stand even to death, since all dying is over, and all souls are tested. When it was seen that the little Pilgrim was thus surrounded by so many that questioned her, there suddenly rame about her many others from the who, one going to one hand, and one to another, safely led them into the ways in

to her, and of herself she was not assured | lay in a dim, but pleasant country, outside of it, neither did she know at all how to of that light and gladness in which the

"But," she said, "you are not to fear or be cast down, because he goes likewise by Pilgrim had a sense of compassion, yet of these ways, and there is not a corner in trouble in her heart, for what could she in all this land but he is to be seen passsay? And it was very strange to her to see | ing by ; and he will come and speak to you, and lay his hand upon you; and afterwards every thing will be clear, and you will know what you are to do."

"Stay with me till he comes,-oh, stay with me," the woman cried, clinging to her

"Unless another is sent," the little Pil. grim said. And it was nothing to her that the air was less bright there, for her mind was full of light, so that, though her heart still fluttered a little with all that had passed, she felt no longing to return, nor to shorten the way, but went by the lower road sweetly, with the stranger hanging upon her, who was stronger and taller than

she. Thus they went on, and the Pilgrim told her all she knew, and every thing that came into her heart. And so tall was she of the great things she had to say, that it was a suprise to her, and left her trembling, when suddenly the woman took away other, neither having it appeared, any her clinging hand, and flew forward with arms outspread and a cry of joy. The little Pilgrim stock still to see, and in the which she did not know?-and she was ex- path before them was a child, coming towards them singing, with a look such as is never seen but upon the faces of children charge. But in this moment of silence she | who have come here early, and who behold the face of the Father, and have never known fear nor sorrow. The woman flew and fell at the child's feet, and he put his hand upon her, and raised her up, and called her "mother." Then he smiled upon the little Pilgrim, and led her away.

"Now she needs me no longer," said the Pilgrim; and it was a surprise to her, and for a moment she wondered in herself if it was known that this child should come so suddenly and her work be over; and also how she was to return again to the sweet place among the flowers from which she had come. But when she turned to look if there was any way, she found one standing by such as she had not yet seen. This was a youth, with a face just touched with manhood, as at the moment when the in the heart; but he was taller and greater than a man.

"I am sent," he said, "little sister, to take you to the Father; because you have been very faithful, and gone beyond your

strength. And he took the little Pilgrim by the hand, and she knew he was an angel; and and understand.

Continued next week.

SIX YEARS ABSENT. Return of a Colorado Woman Her Husband, Denver Times.

A story that would form a basis for of Wilkie Collins' plots came to light yesterday, the denouement being of a highly satisfactory character to both parties concerned. Six years ago a young machinist named Harry Wilson, working in Pittsburg, was married, his wife being a poor girl who had been his schoolmate and associate for years. The pair commenced life under flattering circumstances, the husband being a skillful and industrious mechanic, and the wife a careful, frugal housewife. Wilson had saved several hundred dollars with which he purchased a neat little home in the outskirts of the Smoky City, and settled down to a life of domestic happiness. They had been married about a year when the discovery of Leadville's riches created a demand for machinists in this state, and having received a flattering offer, young Wilson came out here. His wife was about to be confined, and so, selling his property, he established her in comfortable lodgings, and depositing all of his money to her credit, except just enough to bring him to Colorado, left for the west. She was to follow him as soon as she was able to travel. Some two months or more afterward. Wilson who was then at work in Leadville, received a note announcing the birth of a son. Three weeks later, while busily engaged in preparing a place for his family, he was horrified to receive a letter which stated that his wile, in a fit of delirium had disappeared, taking advantage of temporary absence of the nurse. and had not been heard from. He at once returned to Pittsburg, and for six monhts prosecuted an unavailing search. The money left in the bank had not been touched, the wife having enough on hand for ordinary expenses, and after expending nearly all in the search, he gave up and returned to Colorado, heartsick and discouraged. Yesterday noon, upon going to

boarding house to dinner, Mr. Wilson was told that a lady wished to see him, and on entering the parlor was confronted by the well known and well beloved features of his wife. Her story was brief. She remembered nothing of her flight, but on coming to her senses, which was last spring, she found berself in an insane asylum in Obio, and was told that she was found raving in the streets of Cincinnati. The first indication of returning reason was the sudden recollection of her name. She remained in the asylum a few weeks of dressmaking, she wrote to her husband at Leadville, but his whereabouts were unknown, and her letters were returned. Accumulating a little money, she went to Pittsburg, and there learned that her baby was tree to lead forth the woman who had been given her in charge, and whose path been given her in charge, and whose path

Men's Clothing Department.

Of course this is the leading branch of our business. It is the one that first gave us prominence in Louisville. It's the one by wh'ch we gained the reputation of selling better goods for less money than had been customary in this city. We still have the reputation, and propose, this fall to still further deserve it. This season our ready made lothing for Men is as near perfection as good judgment, good goods and good workmanship can hope to make it. Our stock of Frock Suits, Sack Suits, in assimeres, orleans, heviots, are superb, for, in addition to all the Staple Colors and Combination of olors, we have all the nobby mixtures and stylish effects. The All Wool Suits we are showing for \$10, \$12 and \$15 are usually made to measure for \$20, \$22 and \$25. The suits we offer for \$18, \$20 and \$25 are really custom made, for they were cut by custom cutters and made by our custom tailors, and the reason we can mention such low prices is this: We had them made up in the dull season when the custom tailors would rather work on a smaller scale of prices than not work at all. In Fine Dress Suits we show the finest Goods that can be imported; elegantly made You can form no idea of its extent and beauty by a mere

BOY'S CLOTHING

Sold by us never fails to give value received for its cost. The low priced Suits sold by us are well made, and, although not trimmed and lined with as fine material as the more expensive ones, still they are durable and perfect fitting. ome and see our Goods. You can not, without a personal inspection, appreciate a simple list of prices.

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Is the branch of the business that we hustle. We keep better styles and more of them than any other house in the Western country. You can not name a style or a material that we can not show.

BOYS'HATS.

ome and see our stock of Boys' and hildren's Hats. and splendidly trimmed, and equal in every respect to verbal description, and don't forget that we sell a single tailor shop or made to order goods. We can save you Hat at as low a price as ordinary Hat Stores have to \$10 to \$20 on every fine Suit or Overcoat you buy of us. pay for the same quality.

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boy ends, when all is still fresh and pure morning, with the happy result already without any protection from the weather, and colors.

A NEW BIT OF ROGUERY. The Latest Swindle in Which a Clever Youth is Aided by a Pretty Girl.

Baltimore Sun.

distance of each other. About the time factuers of car.iage trimmings. mentioned a well-dressed young man, attended by an engaging-looking young lady, drove up in a fine buggy in front of a well known drug store in North Baltimore. He did not alight but called loudly for the proprietor of the store, who went out to see what was wanted. Then the genteel young man, in hurried and breathless way, explained that he was the son of a well-known coal dealer, with whom the druggist was on very intimate terms. The lady in the carriage was his wife, and they were on their way to an entertainment, when he cent of money. Would the druggist kindty loan him \$10, as he was in too great a hurry to go all the way back home for some. Of course the drug store man would. The boldness of the request and the appearance of the young man were sufficient, and the druggist went into the

to the carriage and handed the young-man the money. After a few hurried thanks, the vehicle was driven rapidly off. It stopped in front of a grocery store not more than a block away. The young man went through the same program, and obtained the money asked for. Then the couple drove to another drug store, near the boundary, and by the same operation, except that the young man represented himself as the son of a prominent manufacturer, and the lady as his sister, the usual \$10 was obtained. Other places were similarly victimized, one Baltimore street merchant losing \$25, and it is thought that the couple left Baltimore with several hundred dollars, obtained from the confiding storekeepers.

ENFORCING THE BLUE LAWS.

Men and Women Arrested in Con-necticut While Carriage Riding. NEW HAVEN, Oct. 14.-A score of persons including a number of conspicuous citizens, were arrested in the village of Foxon, about four miles from this city, to-day, for Sabbath breaking. The warrant for their arrest was based on one of the old blue laws enacted in 1702, which has the following provision:

Every persor who shall travel or do any secular business or labor, except works of necessity or mercy, or keep open any shop, warehouse, or manufacturing or mechanical establishment, or expose any property for sale, or engage in any sport or, recreation on Sunday, between sunrise and sunset, shall be fined not mere than \$4 nor less than \$1; but haywards may perform all their official duties on said day.

Just on the borders of Foxon a number of tall hickory trees stand by the roadside. To day the ground was covered thickly

a drizzling rain falling during a part of the time. One lady had her baby not yet a year old with her.

In the evening Justice Tuttle of East Haven opened his smoky little court room, and the prisoners were marched in before An ingenious swindle, and one which him. He demanded a \$25 bond from each

has been worked to great success, has been of the prisoners. Those who did not give hand, and she knew he was an anger; and practiced on unsuspecting tradespeople, it were held, and the others were told that to the music of a silver cornet band, I them into light, and a bush came upon her druggists and others, in Baltimore this they must appear for a formal hearing to wish to say that the town can boast of the of all thought and all sense, attending till week. The latest three transactions took morrow afternoon. One of the prisoners prettiest and wittiest and brightest demothing to do. I have always lived a very she should receive the blessing, and her place about dusk on Thursday evening, was Mr. Albert L. Babcock, the head of cratic editor that can be found between the new name, and see what is beyond telling, and the victims were all within a short the firm of A. L. Babcock & Co., manurising and setting sun, or from the rivers the others arrested were Charles Derby, Dunlap and Daniel Kelley, employes at Deibel's restaurant, each of whom had a a lady, who were also taken into custody. Mr. Babcock, who is an old man and wealthy, is very wroth at the treatment he has received, and threatens to sue the officers, who, he alleges, have transcended their powers. His wife has contracted a severe cold by reason of the arrest and detention. It is probable that there will be a had suddenly discovered he was without a lively time in Justice Tuttle's court to-

morrow afternoon.. DEATH OF A MISER. Owning Some \$50,000 in Govern-ment Bonds, He Piaced His Moth-er in the Poorhouse,

John Wilson, who had lived in Walden N. Y., for forty years, during which time store, took \$10 from the drawer, returned he worked as a stonemason, and never lost an hour's time, died recently. He had hoarded his wages, sponged his living, and only made a purchase when driven to it by necessity. Ten years ago he quit work and took up his quarters in the garret of an old stone house, a dilapidated building with only one window. The only person who was suffered to enter his room was the daughter of a poor laboring man of the village. She had been a special favorite of his from her babyhood. She looked atter his wants and performed such household duties as he would permit her to do. The only other person that ever crossed the threshold was a tax collector, who forced an "entrance and succeeded in collecting the first taxes Wilson had paid in fifteen years. Many efforts were made by case for coming to Athens at frequent invisitors to see the home of the miser, but tervals-Grosvenor or no Grosvenor. he was always on guard and met all callers at the foot of the rickety stairs, and they could go no further.

The mother of Wilson lived in Walden until some years ago, supporting herself until she was eighty years old by all sorts of drudgery. When she was unable to work any longer she applied to her son for support during the remaining years of her life. He purchased her a pair of shoes, and then walked her twenty miles to the poorhouse, where he delivered her to the authorities, first taking from her the shoes. She died in a short time and was buried as

for only Howard Kidd, an eccentric person, who was never permitted to cross his threshold. Some months ago needed improvements in 'e streets of Walden led to the condemnation of the stone house, with walnuts, and many of the people who which was torn down. The miser, unable were out for a ride stopped under the to find a shelter with any of the villagers. trees and gathered up the nuts. These or to rent a room, was forced to buy a until her cure was certain, when she was persons were arrested. In no instance did shelter. This was a miserable house in an discharged. Finding work at her old trade the officials attempt to halt a carriage that | isolated portion of the neighborhood, where passed without stopping- Henry Palmer Wilson resumed his life of hermitage, his and Frank Bailey, well-to-do farmers solitude being broken only by the visits of living near Foxon, made the arrests, the young girl. Yesterday morning he claiming authority from Constable Sperry was found dead in his but. His money, it and the town grand jury. In each in is reported, he left to Minnie Oldham, the was dead-it survived her flight only a few stance, as soon as they took a prisoner, young Lir!, aged seventeen, who is said to

money, and without writing, she came at twenty people arrested six were women, long matted bair and beard, and wore garonce to this city, arriving here yesterday and they were kept in the open barnyard ments made of endless patches of all sizes

> THE PRETTIEST DEMOCRATIC EDITOR In the United States Is to be Found in Athens, Correspondence Cincinnati News-Journal.

ATHENS, O., October 16 .- Before I leave hospitable Athens, where the good people snatch a newspaper man out of the Grosvenerian hades and lift him up in paradise to the end of the earth

This is Miss Jennie Jones, the editor, clerk of the Woolsey House, and James manager, and proprietor of the Athens Journal, and the daughter of my old departed friend, Colonel R. W. Jones-green separate team, and each accompanied by be his memory, for none of us will forget his brilliancy of mind, his nobleness of heart, and the many manly qualities that endeared him to his hosts of friends.

Upon her father's death, Miss Jones was compelled to shoulder the weary burden of a country newspaper, and right nobly has she carried it and right nobly has she fought the battle of democracy against hopeless odds. A portion of her reward has already come in the election of a democratic sheriff and the patronage that the office carries with it.

It is a worthy offering to this young girl who has so bravely fought to build up her newspaper and earn the bread of honesty for the dependent ones around the fireside, where her father's chair must remain forever vacant. And shame, triple shame, to any one wearing the semblance of a man who would take a penny from her just reward through the machinations of a master

commissionership. Miss Jones' editorials are bright and erisp, and show a depth of thought and a thoroughness of reasoning that is so often deficient in the columns of the great dailies. I felt it a duty to pay this tribute to the handsome and twiented young lady. and yet I fear me greatly that it will result in a general pilgrimage of the bachelor editors of the state to her sanctum, where she presides with such arch grace.

For myself, I must frankly say if I were not a married man, I would find some ex-

GOV. CRITTENDEN AT LEXINGTON. A Just Tribute to a Pavorite Sen of Breckenridge County.

Lexington Observor. Gov. Thomas T. Crittenden, of Missouri, s the city, the guest of Gen. Jaz. F. Robinson. The firm position taken by this distinguished son of Kentucky in his executive capacity has brought his name prominently before the public, and made him the subject of much favorable comment. Without fanaticism, he has been clear, firm and decisive in the enforcement of every law on the statute books of his state. This faithful discharge of duty, in the very nature of the case, made for him many enemies among the vicious classes. These have violently assalled him throughout his term, but have failed to move him from the strict line of duty. The good and the law-abiling of his state and the nation have rallied around him until to-day he stands an honor to his distinguished lineage and his mother state. We bid him

"What is the charge against the prisoner?" demanded an Arkansas judge. "Murder, your honor," replied the officer. What is your defense, prisoner, for such a heinous crime?" "Your honor, he was a